

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



SURPRISED BY THE PRESS-GANG.

ROGER KYFFIN'S WARD.

CHAPTER XIV.—MANNING THE NAVY IN THE OLD TIME.

OFTEN during the night, as Harry lay on Widow Tuttle's spare truckle bed, he repented him of his resolution to start off immediately to sea.

Common sense said, "Wait till you can hear from your kind guardian, or still better, till you have had an interview with him. Explain the state of the case clearly to Mr. Coppinger, acknowledging that you were drunk, and put your name to papers with the

contents of which you were not acquainted. Let him know that Silas Sleafch is a consummate hypocrite, and in all probability a thorough rogue. Brave the worst. Surely nothing can be so bad as running away, and leaving your name and credit and character in the hands of such a fellow as Sleafch, who has acknowledged himself your enemy, and who will, like his master—Satan—if you bravely face him, succumb before you." Then rose up again Harry's desire to go to sea, his dislike of having to acknowledge his weakness and folly to Mr. Coppinger, and

his doubts whether his uncle would believe his statements. Sleep scarcely visited his eyelids. He was just dozing off when he heard Tuttle's rough voice exclaiming,—

"Turn out there, mate, we'll have some breakfast, and then be off before the sun's up. We have a long voyage before us, and only our own legs to depend on." Harry had wished to go to Portsmouth by sea.

"And I'll tell you what would happen if we did," said Jacob. "As soon as we set foot on shore the press-gang would be upon us, and whether we liked it or not would carry us on board their ship to serve his Majesty. I was very nearly caught once; had twenty fellows after me as hard as they could pelt. Fortunately it was dusk, and I bolted down an alley and into a court, and up a stair, and right under an old woman's bed, and there I lay while the whole gang hunted about without finding me. I know a place or two where we can lie hid till we learn what ships are fitting out, and who are to command them. It's a great thing to get a good captain, Harry. There are several captains I would like to sail with well enough; but there are not a few whose ships are like hells afloat, and you may depend on't I'll stand clear of them."

Jacob gave his old mother a hearty kiss, as putting a stick into his bundle, he threw it over his shoulder.

"Don't take on, dame, now," he said. "I'll be back soon and bring you no end of the rhino. Most of it, to be sure, slipped away from me at the end of the last cruise before I got home; but I will take better care of it this time for your sake, mother."

The old woman shook her head. She had been too long accustomed to find that Jacob's money had slipped away before he got home to expect much, though he had generally contrived to bring enough for his board while he remained. Harry wrote a note, which he got a boy to carry to Captain Falwasser, saying that he was going off to sea, and begging him to take care of his bag till his return. With brisk steps, though Harry's heart was heavy, the two young men took their way through the forest. They looked like two active young seamen any captain would be glad to get hold of. They cautiously approached the village of Hythe, opposite Southampton, lest the press-gang might be there on the look-out for men. The coast being clear, they ran across the beautiful estuary of the Southampton Water in a wherry, and landing on the western side near Itchin, pushed on towards Gosport. Night had closed in before they had got to the end of their journey. Harry had seldom taken so long a walk; but his muscles were well knit, and he might have gone still farther.

"We must keep a sharp look-out, mate," said Jacob; "the gangs are sure to be about, and if they were to fall in with us, we might say good-by to liberty. But come along; there's a house I know of not far off, and we shall be all right there if we once get inside the door."

Jacob led Harry down several lanes and alleys in which scenes of drunkenness and vice met his eye, which, even accustomed to London as he was, made his heart turn sick.

"And this is the way the defenders of our country spend their time on shore!" he said to himself. "No wonder they are treated like brutes, when they live like beasts without souls."

Harry's reasoning might possibly not have been correct as to what cause produced the effect. Might he not more justly have reasoned, "If they are

treated like brutes, like brutes they will live"? That question has been solved in later days. Since thought has been taken for seamen they have essayed, and not unsuccessfully, to attend to the welfare of their souls. In those days little regard was paid to that subject.

They stopped before the door of a low house with not many windows looking into the street. Such as there were were closed with shutters.

"She's a good old creature," whispered Jacob, "though may be by this hour she's a little lusher; but you must not mind that. She knows me and my ways, and will treat us well. Her husband is sure to be drunk; but then he will be in bed and out of the way, and she's never so bad but what she can get supper ready. We may trust Sally Hoggart for that. You will see I am right."

Jacob gave two or three knocks on the door, but no one came to it.

"May be she's had a drop or two more than usual," observed Jacob. "She will wake up in time, only I hope no press-gang will be coming along the street before she opens the door. If we see them we must run for it, Harry. You stick by me. I know a place to hide away in."

Jacob repeated his blows on the door. At last a slide was moved in one of the panels, and a light streamed through it.

"All right, Sally," said Jacob. "You know me, and I have brought a mate. Open the door, and let us in; we have enough to pay for our board, so don't be afraid."

The door opened, and the two young men entered, the bolts and bars being instantly replaced. The person who came to the door might have possessed many excellent qualities, but her appearance was not in her favour. Her figure was stout and shapeless; her dress, wanting greatly in hooks and eyes and strings, worn and stained, looked ready to slip off her shoulders. Her hair, already sprinkled with white, escaped in dishevelled locks from beneath her mob cap, destitute of all stiffness, and darkened by soot and dust, while her thick lips and watery bloodshot eye showed that she not unfrequently indulged in potations deep and strong. Jacob, however, on entering, chuckled her under the chin, and giving her a hearty smack on her flabby cheeks, told her to be a good old soul, and to get supper ready for two hungry wayfarers. At first she declared that she had dressed suppers for twenty men already, and that she was too sleepy to put another saucepan on the fire; but Jacob, after a little persuasion, made her promise to exert herself, and he then led the way into a room at the back part of the house. Here some dozen or more men were sitting round a table, most of them with pipes in their mouths, others with pots of ale or glasses of spirits before them, while several were playing at cards. They looked up at the new comers, who took their seats at the other end of the table. Jacob soon entered into conversation with those nearest him, and learned what ships were fitting out. The characters of various captains were discussed.

"The 'Brilliant,' Captain Everard, has just come in to refit, and is in want of hands. He's a right sort of officer. If I wanted to go afloat, I would volunteer on board his ship as soon as any other," remarked a seaman who was sitting opposite to them.

"What do you say, Harry? Would you like to volunteer on board the 'Brilliant'?" asked Jacob.

"No, she would not suit me," answered Harry. "I have my reasons for not wishing to join her."

"Run from her, may be, once in a time?" observed a seaman.

"Well, then there's the 'Nymph,' Captain Cook. He's a good seaman, and not over-harsh with his men; and there's the 'St. Fiorenzo,' Captain Sir Harry Neale. Never a man has sailed with him who's worth his salt who would not wish to sail with him again. I wish there were many other captains in the navy like him. We should not have cause to complain as we have now."

Harry and Jacob agreed therefore to volunteer on board the "St. Fiorenzo." While this discussion was going on Sally placed a smoking supper before her two lately arrived guests. They did ample justice to it, for although the cookery was of a somewhat coarser character than that to which Harry had been accustomed, his long walk had given him an appetite. He soon began to feel a great longing to lie down and go to sleep. For three nights, indeed, he had scarcely closed his eyes for ten minutes together. Even before he had finished supper his head began to nod. Jacob observed his condition, and asked Sally for a bed.

"Why," was her reply, "every one I have got are more than full already; you must prick for the softest plank you can find. Not the first time either of you youngsters have had to do that."

Jacob knew there was no use remonstrating, and so drawing a bench up to a corner of the room, he placed his bundle under Harry's head, and led him to it. Scarcely had Harry stretched himself on the bench, hard as it was, than he was fast asleep. Jacob, however, was not so happy as he intended to be, and calling for some more liquor—he was not very particular what it was—he and his new friend opposite were soon engaged in plying each other with tumblers of grog.

There was a knocking at the door. Sally having by this time slept off some of her evening potations again went to it. Another seaman begged for admittance. He had nowhere to lodge, and he was afraid the press-gang who were about would be getting hold of him. He had plenty of shiners to spend, as Sally should soon know by the glitter of one with which he would at once cross her hand. This argument had great effect upon her gentle heart. Opening the door she admitted her visitor. He was a stout-looking man in a thick pea-coat, with a tarpaulin hat firmly fixed on his head, while his hand clutched a stout walking-stick. As she was about to close the door behind him great was her indignation to find a crowbar inserted. There was a trampling of feet. She shrieked out with several unfeminine oaths, "Murder! murder! the press-gang is upon us." Her visitor, however, very ungallantly seized her by the arm as she attempted to close the door, and shoved a thick handkerchief into her mouth. In the meantime the door was forced completely back, and two or three men who had been lying down close under the walls had sprung to their feet and entered with their leader. They were quickly joined by others of their party, who had been coming at a quick run down the street. In an instant the inmates were aroused, and the whole house was in a fearful uproar. Some tried to force their way out by a back door, but no sooner had they opened it than they found themselves in the power of a strong body of armed seamen. The men who were in bed threw on their clothes, some

trying to jump from the windows; but seeing by the number of the press-gang outside that they would be certainly caught if they did so, rushed down-stairs and joined in the fray which was going forward in the public room. Some were armed with bludgeons, others with fire-irons; some seized chairs and benches, and various other articles of Sally's furniture. She, to do her justice, with her female attendants, fought as heroically as her guests, in a vain endeavour to secure their personal safety.

Harry had slept through the first part of the combat, but at length the fearful uproar aroused him. He started to his feet, not knowing where he was or what had happened. The room was almost in total darkness, for the lights had instantly been extinguished, and only here and there fell the glare of the men-of-war's men's lanterns as they held them up in the hopes of distinguishing friends from foes. Harry seized Jacob's bundle with one hand, and the stick with which he had carried it in the other, and attempted to defend himself from the blows which were dealt freely round. He thought he distinguished Jacob's voice not far from him, and he made his way up to his friend. At that instant, however, a further party of the press-gang arriving, the seamen were completely overpowered. In vain Sally and her attendants fought on, in the hopes of enabling some of their friends to escape. Every outlet was too strictly guarded. The officer and many of the men composing the press-gang probably knew the house as well as its inmates, and had taken their measures accordingly.

In the course of a few minutes, although some heads had received pretty hard cracks, yet no blood was spilt, every man in the house, with the exception of old Tony Hoggart, was in the power of the press-gang. It was a most successful haul. Upwards of thirty prime seamen had been captured, Jacob and Harry among them. Not till the fight was over did old Tony find his way down-stairs, at the foot of which he stood with a light in his hand, his red nightcap set on one side of his bullet head, his trowsers held up by one suspender, his stockingless feet in shoes down at heel, while from his bleared eyes he glared out on the intruders into his abode. As if at length aware of what had occurred, he commenced a series of his vituperative remarks, which increased in vehemence as he proceeded, his curses and oaths being first directed towards the head of the officer in command of the party and his men, the captain of the ship, and the navy in general coming in for their share.

"We're in for it, Harry," said Jacob; "keep up your courage, however; if we put a good face on the matter, we shan't be so much worse off than if we had volunteered. We can tell the first-lieutenant when he examines us to-morrow morning that we intended to do so. I'll just learn what ship we have been taken for."

Jacob made the inquiry of the seaman who had charge of him.

"The 'Brilliant,' Captain Everard," was the answer; "he's a good captain, and you may bless your stars that you have been taken for his ship."

Harry's heart sank when he heard this.

He would at once be recognised by the captain.

What account could he give of himself? The boats were in waiting in the harbour. The men hurried down to them immediately. Some resisting were dragged along. A cuff on the head, or a blow

with the butt end of a pistol, generally silenced those who cried out in the hopes of being rescued.

Harry and Jacob walked along quietly. Neither were disposed to struggle. As soon as the prisoners were got into the boats they shoved off. In a quarter of an hour afterwards Harry found himself for the first time in his life on board a man-of-war.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

INCIDENTAL NOTES AND PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY JOHN TIMES.

XIII.—RETURN TO LONDON—LYON'S INN AND ITS INMATES—THE TRUNKMAKERS—THE "MIRROR"—VILLAGE OF MERSTHAM.

My visit to Paris was unproductive of any immediate results; and I was compelled to own that the game was not worth the candle. Still, I could not cry, "'Tis all barren!" A suite of dusty chambers, which had been shut up for four months, seemed but a poor exchange for a city proverbial for its gaiety. Besides, I lived in one of the dullest and smallest Inns in London, which had nothing but its antiquity and its motley-minded tenants to entitle it to notice. However, it was a piece of old London of four hundred and fifty years since—a long-neglected, out-of-the-way nook, which mostly disappeared early in the year 1863, after having been threatened with destruction for nearly half a century. This old, degenerate place had been a spot of note—one of the nurseries of our great lawyers—an Inn of Chancery attached to the Inner Temple.

Lyon's Inn, between Holywell Street and Wych Street, was originally a guest inn, or hostelry, held at the sign of the "Lyon." It was purchased by gentlemen, professors, and students in the law, in the reign of King Henry the Eighth, and converted to an Inn of Chancery. Herbert, mostly relying upon Dugdale's "*Origines Juridicales*," mentions Lyon's Inn as known to be a place of considerable antiquity from the old books of the steward's accounts, which contain entries made in the time of King Henry v. One of the most interesting records of its early history is that here was nurtured the incorruptible Sir Edward Coke, who, the year after his call to the bar, was appointed reader at Lyon's Inn, where his Mootings and Readings raised for him a high reputation, and "his learned lecture so spread forth his fame that crowds of clients came to him for counsel." It is curious to trace the start of our great constitutional lawyer from his readership at Lyon's Inn, and to picture the crowds of students who, in the days of Elizabeth, flocked to the old hall of the Inn, and the hostelry of the Lancastrian time. Our several Inns of Court and Chancery have their illustrious names and arms emblazoned upon their roofs and walls and windows; but none of them eclipses in rank or interest that of Coke, from his readings in the small Strand Inn, to his share in framing the celebrated Bill of Rights, and defending the constitutional privileges of the people of England—and this in his 79th year.

Holywell Street (named from its being the site of one of the three principal wells in the suburbs) was, in Strype's time, inhabited by divers salesmen and piece-brokers; bodice and stay makers kept shop here within recollection, as did also silk-mercers.

Here remained to my time two silkmen's signs, the Indian Queen, said to have been painted by Catton, one of the early Royal Academicians; and a boldly-carved crescent moon, with the old conventional face in the centre. Jew dealers in old clothes and masquerade finery also kept shop here; a family of which class attained great length of days, even in this grimy thoroughfare, where, in 1846, died one Harris, a Jew clothesman, who had lived in the street more than seventy years. His wife died a few years before him; and his eldest son was seventy-three at the time of his father's death. The silk-mercers were succeeded by keepers of bookstalls and vendors of cheap periodicals. On the north side of the street was the oldest portion of Lyon's Inn, and here was the original entrance, with a pair of boldly-sculptured lions' heads; opposite was a low-pitched court, with a corner post carved with a lion's head and paws, serving as a corbel to support a very old house; this court being the entrance to Lyon's Inn from the Strand. The other entrance, in Newcastle Street, rendered the Inn a thoroughfare. The Inn consisted of a single court, at the south-west corner of which was the hall, built in 1700, a substantial brick edifice, with a small louvre on the roof; the east end had a stone-framed pediment, and the armorial lion sculptured in the tympanum; beneath was a handsome doorway of stone, with Doric columns, and under the windows were festoons of flowers, carved in stone; but this entrance had long been blocked up. The interior comprised the hall, a large unadorned room, and next the "parliament chamber," beneath which were a kitchen and other offices of cryptal spaciousness, belonging to the former hall. The kitchen had not been used for many years. Upon the last occasion, the clothes of the cook caught fire whilst she was attending to her roasting meats for a hall dinner; the flames overpowered her, unaided as she was, and the poor creature is said to have been burnt to a cinder. I remember a few roughly-painted portraits of legal worthies upon the walls of the hall, and some armorial glass in the windows. The room had been for many years let for law lectures, and for meetings of architectural and other artistic societies.

The oldest portion of the Inn was the south side, in Holywell Street, which had four storeys, and bay windows. The upper chambers were of very low pitch, and resembled the cabin of a ship; access was had to them by two spiral flights, reminding one of Byron's "corkscrew staircase, which had certainly been constructed before the discovery of fermented liquors." The northern and eastern sides of the square had two inscription stones, the oldest of which bore the date 1683. The court, though small, had, within memory, a few trees and a sun-dial, which, however, so long ago as 1828, had lost its gnomon and figures, and was falling to pieces. I remember, too, the decay of the last tree. Upon a gusty day in autumn, curious it was to watch the little hurricane, as it swept into corners and up open staircases the withered leaves—the rustle of which broke the silence of this strange old place—in the very heart of London.

The law-tenants of the chambers dropped off, and the little that is remembered of the subsequent occupiers is comparatively of modern date. Nevertheless, these records include a few noteworthy persons and incidents. In the old southern chambers a laborious student of Jeremy Bentham (who bequeathed him part

of his library and a small legacy) through days and nights, and months and years of hard reading, qualified himself for the arduous duties of an officer of the Poor Law Commission; indeed, here the primal measures of the new law may be said to have been framed. He eventually became Secretary of the Commission; and never did public or confidential services merit higher recognition than did their author, who obtained a pension and civil Companionship of the Bath. Thence he became a hard worker, also, in the wide fields of Sanitary and Social Science, Public Education, and the Civil Service.

Next door, in the second-floor chambers, "cabined, cribbed, confined," dwelt a man of ripe scholastic learning, who, by way of relief, wrote in a popular weekly newspaper spirited addresses which, years long ago, became a sort of mint-mark in the journal, and largely contributed to its great sales. However, violent politics tire, and readers cannot be ever on the rack; still "D.'s" powers were chastened by good scholarship. I succeeded him in the tenancy of the chambers, and here were completed the three volumes of "Laconics," of which I have already spoken. One of the feats of writing against time was to make an index of 2,000 references in one night, by the aid of strong potations of green tea! In the former notice of this work I accidentally omitted the name of the publisher, T. Boys, Ludgate Hill, who, by his own suggestion, increased the copy-money of "Laconics" from thirty to one hundred pounds!

The next noteworthiness is a sad one. In chambers at the south-east corner of the Inn lived the gambler William Weare, who was murdered by Thurtell, at Elstree, in Hertfordshire, as commemorated in a ballad of the time, attributed to Theodore Hook:—

"They cut his throat from ear to ear,
His brains they battered in;
His name was Mr. William Weare,
He dwelt in Lyon's Inn."

He left his chambers on the afternoon of October 24, 1823, for Elstree, from which he never returned alive.

Next door, in the attics, through toilsome days and nights, was long annually compiled the "London Post Office Directory," and from these labours may be dated the progressive completeness of the Directory, which has agglomerated into the very bulky volume that has almost outgrown the Post Office itself. In the double suite of chambers beneath lived Philip Absolon, the antiquary and genealogist, who greatly assisted E. W. Brayley in his best work, "The History of Westminster Abbey." Absolon had his rooms filled with a valuable collection of antiquarian and topographical works, and prints and drawings, and autographs; he was, moreover, an amateur herald-painter, and had filled his windows with armorial glass of his own handiwork. He set a high value upon heraldry, but rated lowly Egyptian antiquities. When the celebrated collection of Salt, the Egyptologist, was about to be sold, I showed him the catalogue, which he threw aside with disdain, the vain old herald-painter declaring Egyptian antiquities to be worthless stuff!

Next door, northward, lived Captain Holland, the *littérateur*, during his editorship of the "Monthly Magazine," in which were printed some of the earliest of Charles Dickens's "Sketches by Boz." One of these papers Holland had consigned to "the rejected" basket, whence it was rescued by a dropper-in, whose

attention was drawn to the somewhat mystical handwriting. He drew up the manuscript, which proved to be "The Bloomsbury Christening," one of the raciest of Dickens's early sketches; but every editorship has its mischances. In the chambers above resided a well-read man of the law, who has relieved the dryness of his studies by writing the "History and Antiquities of Lambeth" in a serviceable and popular form. And over the entrance from Newcastle-street lived Murphy, architect of the Unitarian Chapel in Stamford Street.* I remember a volume of tales "by old Mr. Jefferson, of Lyon's Inn," published many years ago.

On the north side of the Inn lived Mr. H. H. Duncombe, the solicitor, who was often heard to say he was born there, and there he should wish to die. In this he was disappointed. He was the last to leave the old place, where he had lived so long in measureless content. Here he formed an important collection of English and foreign coins, chiefly selected from the most celebrated cabinets, which were dispersed during the last century. After Mr. Duncombe's decease, his collection was dispersed by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge; and, as it was a remarkable one, I subjoin a few details:—

It included, among the English coins in gold, extending from Edward III to the reign of Victoria, fine sovereigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary, Elizabeth, James I, Charles I, by Briot—broads, half-broad, and fifty-shilling pieces of Cromwell—a splendid and varied series of five-guinea and other pieces. The silver comprised the finest specimens extant of the coinage of Cromwell (in larger number than were ever before offered to public notice), Charles II, James II, William III, Ann, George I and II in great variety, and in the choicest condition. The patterns and proofs in gold included a crown piece of Cromwell, patterns for crowns of Charles II, a mint set of George IV by Wyon, a five-franc piece of Napoleon I; also some beautiful patterns and proofs. The following are from among the more important pieces, and the prices at which they were sold:—Rose ryal of James I, £5; sovereign of Charles I, by Briot, £5 12s. 6d.; Commonwealth crown, £10 15s.; crown of Oliver Cromwell, £11; the fifty-shilling piece, in gold, £44; half-broad, or ten-shilling piece, in gold, £26 10s.; crown, in gold, £27; silver crown of Charles II, £20 10s.; pattern for a crown of Charles II, in gold, £18; another pattern of the same, £15 10s.; five-guinea piece of Anne, £12 5s.; another, similar, £13; five-guinea piece of George II, £11. Total, £1,168 2s. 6d.

A few army and navy agents lingered in Lyon's Inn to the last, as did some of the officers of the defunct Insolvent Debtors' Court, which in no way relieved the seediness of the place. One of the messengers was a stalwart man, who, in his long service, must have almost walked round the world, scattering notices of bad debts which might have been left to their natural oblivion. What an amount of ill news must this Mercury of Insolvency have sown broadcast in his time! But his occupation is gone. Everything around denoted decadence: even the porter had seen better days, and had "kept his hounds." A few of the oldest inhabitants of this mouldy Inn had almost *grown to the spot*, so wedded do men become by habit and circumstance to their surroundings. An aged man in the large, rambling attics took such delight in his roof gardens that he was loth to leave them; all his children were born here. Yet the coin collector was the last to leave old Lyon's Inn.

I may here relate a circumstance associated with the locality, No. 74, St. Paul's Churchyard, mentioned in a previous page (472). The "Trunkmaker" was a phrase common in the last and present century, as the

* Some of the above details have been abridged and selected, with interpolations, from "Walks and Talks about London," 1863.

bourne to which unsaleable books were commonly consigned as waste paper by their unfortunate publishers. Lord Byron, in his "Ravenna Journal," notes, with caustic humour: "After all, it is but passing from one counter to another, from the bookseller's to the other tradesman's—grocer or pastry-cook. For my part, I have met with most poetry upon trunks; so that I am apt to consider the trunk-maker as the sexton of authorship." Now, No. 74, St. Paul's Churchyard, was the house of business of one of this fraternity, whose pretty daughter was long commemorated in the toast, "All round St. Paul's, not forgetting the Trunkmaker's daughter at the corner." His death was recorded, under the date of the 18th of November, 1750, as "Mr. Henry Nickless, master of the famous Trunkmaker's shop at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, worth twenty thousand pounds." The Trunkmaker also figures in Hogarth's print of "Beer." The first-floor of No. 74, St. Paul's Churchyard was in 1826, the date of the letter above referred to, the office of the well-known publisher Sir Richard Phillips. The shop continued to be a trunkmaker's until a recent date.

Phillips lived at No. 74, St. Paul's Churchyard, in the last century, when he published "Walpoliana," by far the most celebrated of our English ana, being a collection of the conversational remarks of Horace Walpole, together with fragments copied from his papers, which was first given soon after his death in the "Monthly Magazine," and then reprinted in a separate form. Both in curious information and liveliness of manner, the "Walpoliana" may be favourably compared with the best French publications of the same class. "Blair's Mother's Catechism," written by Phillips, and published at ninepence, was another of his successes, which, in fact, increased with age; for the copyright, having passed out of his hands, reverted to him at the expiry of the term, when Phillips received for its renewal the large sum of £800, besides £50 for his revision of the work for reprinting.

A strange success in authorship occurred this year (1827) in the sale of a book published anonymously, and which its author did not care to claim. One day I called at the shop of Messrs. Knight and Lacey, the publishers, in Paternoster Row, when Mr. Lacey put into my hand the first sheet of the tragic story of the Polstead murder, in the form of a novel, entitled the "Red Barn." I read it, was much struck with its excellent narrative style, and inquired of Mr. Lacey as to the author, whom he refrained from divulging. It soon leaked out that it was the work of Dr. Maginn. The sale extended to many thousand copies, yet, for some time, no one suspected it to be the work of an elegant scholar, critic, and poet, and one of the finest humorists of his day. He was an early contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine," and a projector of "Fraser's Magazine."

In the autumn of the present year (1827) I succeeded to the editorship of the "Mirror," started by John Limbird, November 2, 1822, with none of the trumpet-tongued announcement. The original editor was Mr. Thomas Byerley, the brother of Sir John Byerley, one of the compilers of the "Percy Anecdotes." The engravings in the first volume were the Treadmill at Brixton; the Mermaid, proved to be a fabrication; Mr. Beckford's Castle in the Air, Fonthill; Griffiths's Steam Carriage; Robert Owen's proposed Village, and other nine-day wonders. An odd but

authenticated incident is told of the first illustration. A respectable woman, with two children, had taken a lodging in Fleet Street, and were to be joined shortly by the father, but who did not appear; the landlord grew suspicious, though the rent was regularly paid, when one of the children was heard to say to its mother, "Oh, mother, here's father at work," at the same time holding up the first number of the "Mirror," with an engraving of the treadmill; and so it proved, the husband having nearly served his sentence for some swindling offence; thus the "Mirror" became of detective service, and the tenancy in Fleet Street terminated.

The journal prospered from the unexceptionable character of its contents, and its unpretentious mode of aiding in a good cause. The publication was commenced "at the east end of Exeter Change," and was next removed to larger premises, No. 143, near Somerset House, where the "Mirror" was thenceforth printed in the old office of the "Morning Chronicle." By-and-by, early in 1825, Mr. Brougham lent his powerful help, in his "Practical Observations upon the Education of the People," in this passage: "The 'Mirror,' a weekly publication, containing matter of harmless and even improving amusement, selected with very considerable taste, has, besides, in almost every number, information of a most instructive kind. Its great circulation must prove highly beneficial to the bulk of the people. I understand that of some parts upwards of eighty thousand were printed, and there can be no doubt that the entertainment which is derived from reading the lighter essays may be made the means of conveying knowledge of a more solid and useful description—a consideration which I trust the conductor will always bear in mind." Most conscientiously was this feature carried out. Among its early contributors I must not forget P. T. W. (Peter Thomas Westcott), a gentleman of independent property, who, in his ubiquitous career of utility, did "good by stealth," and carried "the twopenny," as he called the "Mirror," into public institutions and intellectual resorts of a description most calculated to extend its circulation.

I commenced my new duties with Vol. x, No. 275, of the "Mirror;" one of my early contributions being two views of Brambletye House, in Sussex, for which purpose I visited the estate, then known widely through Horace Smith's historical romance.

Early next year, 1828, appeared my volume of "Chameleon Sketches," autobiographical and topographical, in one of which especial mention is made of the village of Merstham, lying in one of the most picturesque districts of Surrey, which some sixty years ago was to me a spot of much interest. Within the parish are some valuable quarries of stone, which were once in the possession of the Crown. A patent of King Edward III, yet extant, authorises John and Thomas Prophete to dig stone here for the use of Windsor Castle, and orders the sheriff and others to assist them; and that, should any men refuse to work, they were to be sent prisoners to Windsor. The magnificent chapel of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey was also built with stone procured from these quarries. A lane in the parish of Merstham, retaining the name of Pilgrims' Lane, and running in the direction of the chalk hills, was the course anciently taken by pilgrims from the west on their way to Canterbury, to perform their devo-

tions at the shrine of Thomas à Becket. A correspondent of the "Athenæum" has well described the locality:—

"*The Pilgrims' Lane* is well known to the peasantry about Gatton and Merstham. An intelligent man told me he had traced it himself from Reigate Hill to the parish of Bletchingly, and that it is well known to shepherds on the downs between Reigate Hill and Guildford. It enters Gatton Park a little south of the higher lodge, passes on through the wood to the left of the carriage road to the house, and for some distance runs parallel with it, and forms part of it towards the bottom of the hill, near the middle lodge; it then enters the wood to the north of Gatton Tower, and appears as a terrace along the side of the hill; it appears again in the avenue leading up to the Merstham Lodge, which stands on its line. Beyond Gatton Cottage a short hollow way by the side of the footpath to Merstham marks its course; it is lost in the fields beyond, but points in the direction of Sir William Jolliffe's house, and the south of Merstham Church. It is generally of a raised character; near the higher lodge it is slightly raised, nine or ten feet broad, and paved with flints. Query, Was not this originally a Roman road from Venta Belgarum (Winchester) to Darovernum (Canterbury)? In Antonine a road is marked from Venta Belgarum to Vindomis (Farnham), and this was probably continued between that town and Guildford along the chalk ridge called the Hog's Back. The name Gatton (*i.e.*, Gatetown) might lead one to conjecture that a Roman road had passed through or near it; but though Roman coins are said to have been found there, no *via* has ever been pointed out. This ancient road was in all probability a medium of communication between the capitals of the eastern

and western provinces, for the legions of Rome and the natives of Romanised Britain."

It was to convey the chalk from this part of the Surrey hills, for burning it into excellent lime, that an iron tramroad or railway was completed in 1805. Upon this railway worked Sir Edward Banks, when a young man: by his own natural abilities, and by his integrity and perseverance, he built three of the noblest bridges in the world—those of Waterloo, Southwark, and London—besides many other public works; and it shows the simplicity of his nature, that struck with the picturesqueness of Chipstead churchyard, near Merstham, he chose it for the resting-place of his remains. The tablet to his memory bears his bust, an arch, and the three great bridges.

The Church of Merstham—one of its five bells inscribed "*Sancta Katharina, ora pro me*"—is a picturesque edifice, on an elevated knoll above the village, apparently of the age of Henry VI.

The valley forms the churchyard, bounded on one side by a rookery, and on the other by elms and some yews and firs. At the foot of the tower, rest the remains of my father and mother. At the funeral of my father, the service in the church had scarcely commenced when a robin flew in at the door, and perching itself within a window, began to warble its woodland notes, and was immediately joined by another robin outside the same window, and the church echoed with the shrill strains of the plaintive choristers throughout the ceremony. The robin had been my father's favourite bird, and I could not but recall the stanza of Collins:—

"The redbreast oft, at evening hour,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flower,
To deck the ground where thou art laid."

The Wild Strawberry Flower.



THE snowdrop with its drooping head
Pure as the snow around it spread,
And smiling on its wintry bed,
Has many a lover:
And dear to all the violet too,
Of virgin white or purple hue,
Sweetening the air which wanders through
Its leafy cover.

The matchless lily of the vale,
Fragrant as fair, with joy we hail,
In thickets where the nightingale
Is rarely singing;
Amidst the painted flowers 'tis seen
In sylvan nooks, a glorious queen,
With crown of pearl and robe of green,
And sweet bells ringing.

Adorned with a less radiant dower,
But dear to me, there comes a flower,
When verdure flushes bush and bower
And birds are merry;
It comes in unassuming vest,
With no alluring sweetness blest,
Of no superior charm possest,
The wild strawberry!

It spreads its mantling leaves in sight
On wayside banks, and lifts to light
Its little blossoms plain but white,
And pure as any;
Meekly it creeps along the ground—
But some day soon there will be found
Through its leaves gleaming, berries round
And red and many.

A tempting banquet to the eye
Of birds that hop and flutter nigh,
Or children that go loitering by,
Their fingers staining;
While other flowers, the snowdrop fair,
The violet sweet, the lily rare,
Of summer feast afford no share—
No fruit remaining.

High gifts to others I resign,
And worldly glories, be it mine
In gracious offices to shine,
And duties lowly;
And when earth's flowers with sun and rain
Are faded, may my fruit remain—
A happy life not lived in vain,
And memory holy!

RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

BY THE EDITOR.



CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XXIII.—LANDSCAPE GARDENING—HORTICULTURE—FLOWERS AND FRUIT—THE EVERGREEN TRADE.

THE public parks in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and other great cities, while they are admirable specimens of landscape gardening, are still more interesting as showing advance in æsthetic culture and in provision for the health and enjoyment of the people. The civic rulers and authorities are displaying public spirit and good sense in this direction. When I was in Philadelphia, the Board of Direction of the Public Park heard that Mr. Robinson, author of the work on French Gardens, and a high authority in landscape gardening, was in the States, and they made a very handsome offer of securing his professional aid for improving their fine demesne. In Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and the Central Park, New York, no expense is spared to improve the ground. In the latter park, Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins is at present employed in setting up some of his wonderful restorations of ancient animals, on the plan so skilfully exhibited in our Crystal Palace at Sydenham. The example of these public places will exert good influence throughout the Union, and will help to diffuse a love for landscape gardening, and the improvement of popular taste in horticulture, in its ornamental as well as useful departments.

There is much room for such improvement. I did not think much of the gardening in those parts of the States which I visited. In many country houses and villas there are, no doubt, fine gardens and conservatories, while a few florists' and fruiterers' shops in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other great towns, showed that the luxuries of vegetable life are supplied for the wealthy. The market gardeners of New Jersey and Western New York must also be well up to their trade. But I speak of the culture of flowers among the people. Ornamental horticulture is an art that does not flourish in the early life of a

nation. In some suburban regions, such as the upper

part of Brooklyn, Philadelphia near the park, and at Mount Auburn, Cincinnati, I saw rows of villas with neat ornamental flower-plots. The sight struck me from its rarity. In the small towns I noticed few signs of floriculture, or even of window-gardening, and in villages seldom a house with the cheerful adornments of our English cottages. The cemeteries were, in this respect, better kept and more ornamental than any other public places; certainly better than the parks and pleasure grounds. The grounds even of the Capitol, and of the White House at Washington, have an uncultivated look. I was astonished at the desolation in the grounds of Harvard College, all overrun with weeds and thistles. An old historical place like this might show some æsthetic emulation of the well-kept grounds of the English colleges.

At Washington I found a small but well-stocked botanical garden, the superintendent, Mr. Smith, trained at Edinburgh and at Kew. At Boston I went to a flower and fruit show. To the Boston Horticultural Society is due the ornamental laying-out of the Mount Auburn Cemetery, of which the Bostonians are justly proud. At the show, prizes were gained by some excellent pears, melons of various sorts, cherry tomatoes, hybrid corn, and egg plants. The latter is a favourite fruit; but a Scotch gardener, who kindly pointed out the notable things in the Boston exhibition, said to me, "When you have sliced the

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egg plant, and fried it, and buttered it, what's it good for? Only to throw out of the window." American apples are too well known to be here described. The peaches are very inferior, at least in the Eastern States. As to grapes, the best of them, and the varieties are now numerous, are tough as raisins, and have a strong foxy taste. I do not believe they can ever attain to any worth, except by hothouse cultivation. I was disappointed also with the Catawba wines of Ohio, of which so much has been written. In all departments of flower and fruit culture there is room for improvement, and good gardeners will yet be a class of emigrants appreciated as America advances in the luxuries of civilised life.

There is one branch of cultivation which has grown to large dimensions in the Eastern States, "the evergreen trade." The Christmas before my visit I was told that upwards of 120,000 Christmas trees had been sold in the New York markets, and "more than 200,000 yards of evergreen wreathing." The German population for their homes, and the recently introduced fashion of decorating the churches, have created the demand for this trade. Every German home has its Christmas tree, and the Americans are adopting this cheerful usage. But the expansion of

"rope." This rope, made in the mountain district by girls, is sold for about five cents a yard. Stars, crosses, and other devices, are formed of the same material, and the result on the whole is a busy and profitable industry.

CHAPTER XXIV.—SPORTS AND PASTIMES—RIDING AND DRIVING
—TROTTING MATCHES—FIELD SPORTS—BASE BALL, THE
NATIONAL GAME.

RETURNING to the parks, one might expect to see there, if anywhere, American equestrianism. But riding does not seem a national enjoyment. On any fine morning in June there may be seen a finer display of well-mounted equestrians, especially of the fair sex, than can be witnessed in all the American parks through the whole season. The New England people do not seem to take kindly to the saddle. The northern papers admitted during the late war that this fact gave to the Southern cavalry so decided a superiority, and will always leave the army deficient in this branch of the service. The establishment of racing parks may give an impulse to equestrianism in some aspects, but these not of a kind promotive of the best features of national character. There are now four racing grounds within reach of New York,



CENTRAL PARK DRIVE.

the evergreen trade for ecclesiastical uses is more remarkable. Several churches expend 500 dollars, or above £100, for Christmas decoration. Nor is this confined now to Episcopal churches, the puritanism of other denominations relenting at this festive season. For a few days before Christmas the Hudson mountain forests seem (Birnam-wood fashion) to have migrated to Washington market and its neighbourhood in New York. Alleys of cypress and cedar divide spaces filled with vines, and holly, and fir-trees, and festooned with evergreen wreathing or

Jerome, Prospect, and Monmouth* Parks, and the track at Saratoga. Great crowds resort to these meetings, but few native Americans have any special love for the races apart from their being the occasion of an outing and holiday. So much the better for the national taste and for public morality. It would

* In the programme of the Monmouth Races I noticed a curious proclamation of Lynch law: "Resolved, that any thief or pickpocket caught on the grounds shall be brought before the Board handcuffed, then taken before the Grand Stand and publicly horsewhipped, and a placard placed upon his back, and paraded around the track." Resolved, that any persons misbehaving themselves on the racecourse during the meeting shall be immediately expelled."

be a baleful influence for them, if this branch of sport extended as it has in the old country.

If they do not excel in riding, the Americans are "thunder at driving." The popular taste in this art has run into wild extravagance. Four-in-hands, and even six-in-hands, with showy harness and gay liveries, are the pride of the vulgar rich. In the parks and on the roads it is amusing to behold the variety of equipages, and pleasant also to see the number of plebeian, square-framed "buggies" mingling in the course. But the greatest specialty of American driving is the fast-trotting horse, with its spider-like iron bicycle. Portraits of famous trotters and pictures of trotting matches are common in the smoking rooms and drinking saloons, such as the celebrated match between "Hero" and "Flora Temple," when three two-mile heats were run, each heat within five minutes! Wonderful trotting horses may be seen in the morning on the roads, or in the Central Park of New York. A few well-appointed English drags, and other imported carriages of various build, may be seen; but the great mass of the vehicles are the old-fashioned native buggy, and carts with light wooden and leather framework for shade and shelter. Even in the rural districts the American farmer rarely walks or rides, but "hitches up" his buggy for any little distance.

The American field sports do not much differ from our own, so far as "the rod and the gun" are concerned. Of the Game Laws in the State of New York I have already spoken (*ante*, p. 282), and these afford a glimpse into the public opinion on the subject in the older parts of the Union. In the Far West there is ample scope for sport of a more adventurous kind, and many Englishmen every year go to share in these adventures. The fashionable battues and matches of English amateur sportsmen are, as might be expected, held in great contempt by Americans. A leading article in one of their papers on the pigeon matches of some of the English aristocratic gun clubs thus concluded: "The primitive and true idea of the chase is a direct conflict between man and certain savage elements in the world which must be overcome and disappear before civilisation. Bear, deer, or buffalo shooting seem not unmanly work, nor unsuited to a certain degree of culture and enlightenment. There is at least fatigue to be endured and danger to be incurred. The idea, however, of unlimited members of parliament, hatted and gloved *à la mode*, driving out to the enclosure at Hurlingham, to butcher some dozen caged frightened pigeons, while their lady friends look on exultant, is to us indescribably absurd. But when we consider that out of this occupation this remarkable people hopefully assert their expectation of deriving strength for their legislative duties and religious enlightenment, our wonder can find no words. We can only look on in silence and perplexity."

On one of my first mornings in New York I saw, among the bustling crowd in the Metropolitan Hotel Hall, a group of athletic young fellows in light flannel dress. At first I thought they were cricketers, but the bats and balls were not those of our game. I was told it was a "Base Ball Club." These clubs I afterwards found wherever I went, Base Ball being recognised as "the national game" of America. Throughout August and September matches were going on, and the newspapers had a column, and often several columns, headed "The National Game," and filled with reports of the play. City against

city, county against county, amateurs against professionals, all sorts of matches were going on, like cricket matches among ourselves in the season. At Chicago, at the time of my visit, there was great excitement on account of the victory of the "White Stockings" of that city over the "Red Stockings" of Cincinnati. The "conquering heroes" were met at the railway dépôt by an enormous procession, with music and banners, and paraded in carriages through the town. The "White Stockings" also beat another crack club, the "Eagles" of Louisville, and for the time were the champion players, though they had yet to meet the "Atlantics," "Athletics," and one or two other famous clubs.

After hearing and reading so much about the National game, I was surprised to find it only a development of our own homely game of "rounders." There are nine on each side—centre field, left field, right field, first base, second base, third base, catcher, short stop, and pitcher. There is room for considerable skill in pitching, batting, catching, and fielding, but on the whole the game appeared to me a hobbledehoy affair compared with cricket. It is immensely popular, however, among all classes and ages, from lads at school up to "old boys" of business. I saw the report of one match between two corporations in the West, including several "aldermen"! Like too many sports, the game has got into the hands of betting and gambling fraternities, and the most celebrated clubs are now the property of "stockholders," whose speculations and arrangements are made for gain more than for honour. The grand jury of Baltimore actually reported Base Ball as "one of the gradations of crime," alluding to the temptations to gambling which it has introduced. This is the abuse of the thing, however; the love of the game is creditable to "Young America," and affords a healthy athletic out-of-door sport. Except at Baltimore and Philadelphia I heard nothing about cricket. There is said to be a good club at Germantown, but I suspect the game is comparatively unknown in the States.

Of indoor amusements and pastimes I saw little, and therefore can say little. Public amusements, whether dramatic or musical, seem much the same as our own, with balls, concerts, and even masquerades, as in Europe. The masquerades are only recognised by professed lovers of such scenes, and are mainly got up by theatrical managers and hotel proprietors. In the list of costumes in the great masquerade of last season at Saratoga, I noticed, among various notorious characters from New York and other cities, the names of at least seven of a well-known hotel-keeping family, at one of whose houses the affair came off.

The amusements of "fashionable life" are very much alike in all countries, and are not worth mentioning among special features of national character or usage. The world of fashion—the world which dresses, dances, sings, plays, bets, and lives only to amuse itself—is not greatly different in New York and Paris, Newport and Scarborough, Philadelphia and Milan, Saratoga and Baden. These people count little in the estimate of what makes a nation, and in America the proportion of idle pleasure-seekers is less than in any other country I have visited.

At the same time, it is to be feared that this annual resort to great watering-places will come to affect perceptibly the national life and manners. It is a new social feature, and on a scale of vastness un-

known in the old country. Before the end of the season last summer, I saw an estimate in the papers that there had been above 100,000 visitors at Saratoga, 150,000 at Cape May, 150,000 at Atlantic City, 100,000 at Newport, and 200,000 at Long Branch. Now these visitors come from all parts of the country. They meet people from New York, who are far more likely to influence them for evil than to be influenced by them for good. It is not as in our great English watering-places, where the home life and home customs of the visitors, whether grave or gay, for health or recreation, can be maintained at choice. The monster-hotel system of America compels all classes to intermingle. The whole life of the place is public, and not of the best sort of publicity. Of course there are quiet boarding-houses and homes, even in the most crowded summer places, but the general tone of life is a tone of relaxation—not relaxation in the good sense of relaxation from hard work, but relaxation of good habits and homely ways, and relaxation of good morals too often. The rich American paterfamilias takes his wife and daughters into scenes from which an English gentleman with his family would shrink. "Life at Saratoga" will not improve the national character any more than "Life in Paris," which many Americans regard as the acme of felicity. In fact, the word has become proverbial that such Americans expect to go when they die to the Champs Elysées! There is too much of the Parisian influence apparent at Saratoga, not improved by filtering through New York. At the marine watering-places there is less of stagey-looking life, but there is also there too much publicity for those who wish to see the best features of the national character retained. Last season at Newport it was the fashion rather to affect "cottage" life instead of the hotels, though not with less gaiety of public amusements. I remained at Boston, finding more to see there than I could overtake, when some friends ran down to have a look at Newport. They came back open-mouthed about the gaiety of the place, and especially at the beauty of the women. It was sad to read a few weeks after of the death of the acknowledged belle of the Ocean House. She died of a low but rapid fever—a scourge which will make itself terribly felt in these watering-places, with their huge caravanserais and crowded population. The difficulty is already felt with us in England, some of our watering-places being nests of fever during summer, and yet drainage sparingly used for fear of polluting the sea for bathing. The practical conclusion of all which is, that it would be better both for health and morals to diminish the rush to huge watering-places, and occupy more numerous summer stations, whether inland or on the coast. As with hospitals for the sick, so with resorts for health, the detached system has many advantages over the crowding into great hospitals or hotels.

CHAPTER XXV.—SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS (*continued*)—IN THE COUNTRY—ON THE SEA—YACHTING.

THE Americans have various rural sports and amusements handed down from generation to generation among the rustic folk. The reader will be pleased with the following extract from a genial book on "American Society" by Mr. G. M. Towle, of Boston, formerly U.S. Consul at Nantes, and at Bradford.

"In the autumn, at harvest time, there are numerous merry gatherings, in which useful tasks are joined

with hearty amusement. When the Indian corn is gathered, it is the custom to have, at many of the farmhouses, what is called a 'husking.' The object is, to get the corn husked: the neighbours are invited to assemble on a certain afternoon at the barn of the farmer whose corn is to be husked. Here are great piles of the just gathered ears. The guests sit about on the barn floor and the haymows, and proceed to strip the husks and silk from the corn, and deposit it clean and bare at one side. Meanwhile there is plenty of talking and laughing; the farmer's home-brewed cider and ale are passed frequently about, and doughnuts, pies, and cakes of all sorts are plentifully provided. After a while the husking is suspended, the barn floor cleared of the rubbish, one of the boys mounts the haymow and strikes up a lively tune on his fiddle, and the barn fairly shakes with the rollicking dance or the lusty game which ensues. Whatever young man finds in his pile a *red ear* of corn, is entitled to kiss any girl he chooses; if a lass finds one, she must submit to be kissed, and must choose the lad whom she prefers to perform the operation. Another autumn custom is called an 'apple bee.' Several barrels of apples are collected in the farmhouse, the neighbours are invited in, and all set to work paring them. After the outer skin is taken off, the apples are divided into small sections, the core taken out, and the pieces are hung on a string. These are afterwards put in the sun to dry, and are then laid away with which to make 'apple sauce' or dried apple pies in the ensuing winter.

The people reciprocate with each other in doing these tasks. When a farm dame needs an additional quilt for one of her beds, she calls in her neighbours and they set to work making one, patching it together with odd pieces of cloth; this is a party at first confined to the women; tea-drinking and gossip comprise the pleasures which relieve the task; in the evening the 'men folks' drop in.

A famous time in some of the Northern States is that when the maple-trees are tapped, and the delicious maple sugar made. The sugar maple-trees are very profitable, and often add materially to the income of the farmer. Early in the spring these are tapped; the sweet juice is collected in tubs; great fires are built; huge iron kettles are hung over them; the maple sap poured in and boiled down to a thick syrup. It is of a rich brown colour, and nothing can be nicer, especially if eaten on hot cakes or waffles. In the evening, when the syrup has grown quite thick and ready for the 'sugaring off,' the lasses and lads gather at the 'camps,' in the wood, to partake of it. A favourite method is to dip snowballs into the yet warm syrup, and, thus coated, to eat them; these are very delicious. The froth, or 'wat,' of the syrup is also very palatable. The festivities end with dances, games, and ditties.

In the fall, almost every town has its 'Agricultural Fair,' which is, to the rustic population, one of the great events of the year. It is held not seldom in the spacious airy town-hall; the farmers for miles round have been preparing for it the summer long; the farmer who takes a prize for the heaviest pig or the biggest pears is like the politician who has won an election, like an author whose book is a 'success,' like a lawyer who has gained a famous case, like a parson made a bishop. These Agricultural Fairs are truly interesting and curious shows. Within the hall long tables have been set against the walls

and in the middle of the floor; the walls have been decorated by the young women with all varieties of evergreen festoons, fantastic flower designs, pictures, and deftly-fashioned embroidery or worsted work. The tables display every kind of fruit and vegetable, all of the largest, ripest, and most luscious, with little cards on the plates, informing the uninitiated of the particular species, and the name of its contributor. Pyramids of pears, peaches, and apples are followed by monster pumpkins and cabbages, mammoth beets, melons, and turnips, great tempting clusters of grapes, wonderful potatoes, beans, and tomatoes. Farther on you will see specimens of the women's handiwork—wax flowers, pictures made of hair, embroidery, crochet work, odd examples of aptitude with the needle, pen, or penknife. On other tables appear specimens of domestic cookery—specimen loaves of bread and cake, preserves, pickles, hams, and pies. Outside the building are rows of pens where are kept the oxen, cows, sheep, pigs, chickens, goats—the dumb competitors for the prizes; placards announcing the various kinds are tacked to the pens, and groups of farmers are gathered about them, discussing the merits of this hog or that big-headed bull.

On the open spaces round about are all sorts of small shows and pedlars' wagons drawn up in eligible places. Tents, covered with large gaudy pictures of giantesses and bearded women, wonderful dwarfs and living skeletons, are thickly set on the sward; and the showmen at the tent openings are talking themselves hoarse, jingling their money boxes the while, and describing with oratorical flourishes the wonders to be seen for a penny within. The pedlars are driving brisk bargains with their astonishingly cheap penknives, their patent knife-sharpeners and axe-grinders, their little bottled balms for every human ill, their marvellous writing apparatus making half-a-dozen simultaneous copies, their soaps, confectionery, and imposing silver ware. A perambulating photographer has drawn up his portable saloon in a convenient corner, and offers to produce perfect likenesses of loving couples and rough old farmers for trifling prices. The country people are there in multitudes, dressed primly, and deeply interested in all that is going on; the city people, too, have driven out, and mingle in the concourse which is grouped about the tables and on the green. The fair usually lasts two days; the second day is the best attended. In one of the upper rooms a bountiful collation is spread; on the platform at the farther end is a table, at which sit the dignitaries—the president of the agricultural society, the orator of the day, and any notable visitors who are present. Just below them is a table for the reporters, who have come out from the city to take notes for the 'evening edition.' A fee of fifty cents or a dollar is demanded of those who wish to partake of the collation; it consists of cold meats, vegetables, pies, and fruits. The repast over, the orator of the day is introduced, and, rising behind the platform table, he proceeds to deliver an address on some agricultural subject. Other speeches are made; the prizes are announced by a committee appointed for the purpose; and then the productions on exhibition are taken away by their various owners. Sometimes, in the evening, a dance at the town hotel concludes the affair. Every one competes for the prizes who so chooses, these being offered by the agricultural societies.

The country people practise many robust out-

door games. There are shooting matches and quoit matches, base-ball contests and foot races. Nearly every boy has his gun, and early becomes an adept in shooting at targets and hunting in the free forests. Every boy, too, learns to swim and to row; for everywhere in rural America there are, near by the farms, lakes and rivers, where aquatic sports may be enjoyed without fear of molestation. Of course the country boy sits on his horse, without a saddle, as easily as if he had grown there; and when he is very young, is sent to mill with a load of corn or wheat, sometimes several miles distant from home, returning with the flour after it has been ground.

In the winter time, the farmers having little to do—their fields being thickly covered with layer after layer of crusted snow—they stay much at home, attending to the cattle in the sheds, reading, and leisurely lounging about. Then it is that the sleighs—long processions of them—may be seen gliding over the roads, full of hilarious parties. The young men of the neighbourhood get together, and arrange to give their sweethearts *en masse* the treat of a sleigh ride. The village tavern is doubtless supplied with a bouncing great sleigh, a barge-like vehicle on runners, which the landlord is readily induced, for a modest sum, to lend; and there is besides a general muster of all the farm sleighs for miles around. The horses are decked with bells, and after the accidental slippings and fallings-down, screaming and joking, the party starts off, echoing some familiar song. The broad landscape is everywhere white and shining; the fences and walls are half concealed beneath the high drifts, the rails and stones peeping out here and there at intervals; the farmhouses seem imbedded in the flaky mounds; the narrow beaten paths from the doors lead through snow walls often five or six feet high; the road is crusted with a coat of snow frozen into ice; the tree-boughs bend low beneath their accumulated burden; everywhere the snow-particles glisten and glitter; as far as eye can reach, hill-top and valley, house and tree, are shrouded in the monotonous and long-enduring robe of white. The procession of sleighs glides rapidly over the frozen roads; the joyous jingling of hundreds of little bells mingles with the shouts and laughter of the happy-hearted party, who are wrapt and bundled almost out of sight by capacious blankets, quilts, shawls.

To relieve the desolate monotony of winter, "sociables" are often formed. Once a fortnight gatherings take place at the houses in turn, which are all the jollier because the people have so few chances to see each other. In many of the villages concerts are given by choral societies, and lectures, either by the parson or schoolmaster, or some neighbouring notability. The boys and girls have as much skating as they please. The lakes and rivers remain frozen for several months, and moonlight skating parties are among the pleasantest of the winter season."

The taste for yachting has grown recently, and the number of yachtsmen on the eastern coast increases every year. Of some of the crack American yachts we have heard much of late years, and the international races across the ocean have become renowned. But, apart from these public displays and competitions, the passion for yachting is on the increase. And no wonder, with so splendid a coast, from New York up to New Brunswick, a stretch of seven hundred miles, or the length of the British Islands.

For those who like quiet water there is Long Island Sound, a lovely sheet of sheltered water, with many pleasant ports of call. Many families spend the most of the summer months on board these Long Island Sound yachts, and cheery healthful homes they are for men of business. Then there is the run to Portland and Boston, round Cape Cod, the great part open ocean, and with safe harbours and anchorages at various intervals. Except the Mediterranean no cruising ground can compare with this, however it may be in winter, or in the poetic description by Mrs. Hemans of "the stern and rock-bound coast." There are no better sailors in the world than the pilots and fishermen and yachtsmen of the New England seas. In the love of the ocean, both for work and pleasure, the Americans are "true chips of the old block."

CHAPTER XXVI.—CAMP MEETINGS—FIRE BRIGADES.

BEFORE passing from the subject of American sports and pastimes, I must set down my impressions on two subjects, which may seem odd in such connection, but which, in addition to their original and higher uses, have come to be regarded very much in the light of amusements. Few readers would guess that I mean "Camp Meetings" and "Fire Brigades."*

The Methodist Camp Meetings, which originated in religious uses, when population was sparse, and ordinances few and far between, have greatly altered their character in later times. In some places it is true that the chief object is to encourage the "revival" spirit, by meetings for prayer and preaching. In out-of-the-way new districts this may be still the main purpose. But I am uttering no scandal in saying that the camp meetings in the older States have come to be merely or chiefly pleasant annual rural gatherings. At Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, one of the most noted and important, the newspaper report says that "there was nothing ascetic or gloomy, but, on the other hand, a great deal that was cheerful and enlivening. If there was no dancing, there was at least croquet. The cottages, occupied by their owners, are pleasant residences, although the affair seems to have taken the shape of a serious rural fête. What John Wesley would have said to all this it is needless to inquire." We should think so; nor should we be surprised to find the camp meeting, as an institution, become the theme of satire akin to that of Robert Burns in his "Holy Fair."

Much has been said by travellers in praise of the American fire establishments, the pride of the young men in American cities. I have already described the excellent system of watching, and of signalling by electric communications between the stations. But when we pass from these arrangements to the *matériel* and *personnel* of the force, I think the efficiency of the American system has been exaggerated. Their engines are splendid constructions, but too ponderous to manage, except on great

occasions. They are almost wholly steam-power engines, hand-engines being disused in the large towns. The brigades have as thorough organisation as the militia or the army, and are constantly parading and marching through the streets in showy uniform, with music and decorated engines. All this looks very imposing, and the young men take pride in belonging to a fire brigade. The officers, moreover, are appointed by election, and it is said that political influence largely enters into the affairs of the force. Social vanity and political feeling thus combine to lessen the efficiency of what ought to be purely a department of public safety and of civic police.

Two or three years ago, Captain Shaw, the able and energetic chief officer of the London Fire Brigade, visited the States on purpose to study the American system. His report was reassuring as to the greater efficiency of our own fire establishment. While admitting the merit of the signalling system, and admiring the beauty and power of the engines, Captain Shaw decidedly objects to the semi-military discipline of the force in the States, the result of which is to foster public display at the expense of individual skill and self-reliance. The occasions are few when firemen have to attack a conflagration in parade order of companies and regiments. Every fireman must be trained to perform any part of the duty of the department, and ample scope must be left to personal skill, daring, and endurance. Our English system effects this, and is therefore on the whole more useful, though less showy, than the American system. Captain Shaw also thinks it is a mistake to allow hand-engines to get into disuse. A manual can be got into play in thirty seconds, whilst a steamer requires four or five minutes. I saw the engines at work in Chicago, and witnessed magnificent processions of firemen in Boston and New York; but with all my admiration of many things American, I think they are far behind our own "Metropolitan Fire Brigade."

OF THE COMMUNE AND ON COMMUNISM.

WHAT is the Commune? We all know how it expired a few weeks ago, consumed, like the fabled phoenix, in its own ashes. We have a vague impression that after setting fire to Paris, it has flapped its wings and passed off, as that mythical bird was fabled to do, into some new form of existence. The International or Universal Republic is supposed to be the last phase of this strange and chaotic movement, the residuary legatee to its wild and convulsive attempts to regenerate society by turning it upside-down. The Commune to us in this island seems to be an ugly dream of the past—a nightmare of terror as to what discontented democrats would bring about in this country if they were only given the time and opportunity to work out their crude schemes. The longer we look at it the less we like it. Accustomed as we are to judge of a tree by its fruits, we ask ourselves, What must be the stock from whence this harvest of pillage and arson could have sprung? But let us at the same time be just. Let us neither condemn it unheard, nor pronounce the whole scheme monstrous because of those orgies of blood and fire amid which the Commune closed its career. May not these have

* Before the war I might have added "soldiering," the militia of the different States being analogous to "volunteers" among us, but the terrible realities of that struggle, the greatest war of modern times, great beyond any European war, forbid the least reference to vanity and display in wearing uniforms. Unprepared and undisciplined at the opening of the war, before its close the youth and manhood of the Northern States displayed a heroism and endurance which compelled the admiration of the world. The South were better prepared at first and better commanded, and at last were moved by the strength of despair, but the issue of the contest was never doubtful to those who knew the history of the Free and the Slave States.

sprung from other causes, such as the siege of Paris and the consequent demoralisation of the working classes? Is it fair to credit the Commune with the collapse of the whole of French society? May not the Empire and the classes who supported it so long in the interest of order be responsible for this lamentable breakdown? These are questions which deserve to be fairly answered before we give judgment for or against the Commune. In fairness to the movement itself, we must go back a little to understand the condition of things out of which it sprung. There is a logic of events in which it will be seen that the Commune was the natural result of the Empire, the inevitable recoil from those evils which the Empire fostered if it did not actually produce.

In the first place, we must clear our minds of a confusion of names between Communism and the Commune. The French *parlement* of lawyers and the English Parliament, or supreme Legislature, have nothing but the name in common, yet the two are often confounded by those who have only a superficial acquaintance with the subject. It is the same mistake to mix up our impressions of what Communism is with the Commune. Under the same name they represent different, if not actually opposite tendencies. Communism, or the dream of certain Socialist Reformers like Fourier and St. Simon, is a state of society as unlike that of the Commune as Asia is unlike Europe, or a Hindoo village community, for instance, to the turbulent Commonwealth which carried on the free life of Greece and Rome down into the Italian Republics of the middle ages and the free towns of Germany and the Netherlands. Communism, or the *phalanstere*, to use Fourier's phrase, would settle society down into an orderly phalanx of men, in which every operative was also a capitalist. It would banish pauperism and crime, by crushing out that spirit of competition and free trade out of which these evils are supposed to spring. Communism would even go further. It would merge the family in the State. Even if it respected the Christian code of marriage (on which some of its promoters held divided opinions), it would deny all parental rights. The right of the father merged in the stronger right of the State. As there was no private property, so there was to be no family hearth; all things were to be alike held in common, and after taking away the strongest stimulus to labour, Communism supposed that somehow or other co-operation would do the work of competition. The driving wheel was taken out of the machine, and a new one fitted of a fancy pattern, these theorists forgetting that the incentives to industry are the very conditions without which man will not labour at all. The Communism of Fourier and his school is as absurd and impossible as slavery without its lash and its driver. Take away the lash, and what would the planter's estate be worth at the end of a twelvemonth? Such was the folly of this Communist theory, which had only to be tried in practice to prove a signal failure. The history of Communism is the history of that ingenious toy which was to produce perpetual motion, or to create force without a corresponding consumption of some latent heat. We all know the end of these experiments, whether in physical or in social life.

But the Commune is not to be prejudged as some abortive outcome of this dream of society made easy on Socialist principles. The Commune is an experiment of a different kind, almost, we might add, in a

contrary direction. To understand the state of things which led to the rising of 18th March, we must throw ourselves back into the state of society which came to an end on the 4th September last year. The Empire was the government of the towns by the country, of the proletarian class by the peasantry. How this was brought about as the result of Imperialism it is not difficult to see. The Empire was democracy impersonated in a single chief of the State, responsible to no one but to the nation at large. The wider the basis of the popular will, and the narrower the apex on which authority pivoted, the truer the Empire was to its tradition and origin. To use a distinction of the late Sir William Hamilton, it was representative as contrasted with representative government. The people and their ruler were brought face to face by the medium of a plebiscite from time to time. This once over, and power being confided afresh in the Emperor, all responsibility ceased. The ruler became to the ignorant masses a kind of earthly providence; it was democracy abdicating its own functions. The result of this system was the crash and the catastrophe which overtook France in July, 1870. The peasants trooped to the plebiscite in May under the impression that in voting yes they voted for peace, and within six weeks of this record in favour of peace, war was declared. Can we wonder that when the Empire collapsed in the disgraceful way it did after Sedan, the impulse of the towns was to rid themselves of this thralldom to the rural districts? In Gambetta and the men of the Provisional Government, Paris and the great cities of France reasserted their long-lost ascendancy. Paris again was France. This was the secret of the success of the 4th September. The peasantry, under the Empire, had tyrannised over the towns, and now there was a turn of the tide. The pendulum swung in the other direction, and the towns were to have their turn of ascendancy. This reaction, as we may describe it, lasted all through the war and down to the fall of Paris. When resistance then became impossible, and France had come to the end of her resources, there came an end, at the same time, to Gambetta's hold on the country. His power collapsed with the last resistance of his hasty levies. Like the inflated balloon in which he had been carried out of Paris, he had soared to power, and now, like the same balloon when the gas had escaped, he dropped to earth and became powerless at once for either good or evil.

It was the turn of the country party again to reassert itself. The peasantry sent up deputies to the Assembly at Bordeaux willing to sign peace on any terms, and to bring in any form of government which would rid them from the tyranny of universal conscription and requisitions of the *matériel* of war on both sides. So reactionary was the Assembly of Bordeaux that it is well for France that they did not bring back the Bourbons by a *coup d'état* and vote in Legitimacy and Divine Right by acclamation. It was the suspicion of this which aroused the jealousy of the Republican party. Paris became more suspicious than ever. The seat of government was moved from Bordeaux to Versailles, but under one pretext or another Paris was not occupied. At last, after the German entry in March had left not a single excuse for not removing to Paris, the Versailles authorities proceeded so tardily about it, and took so few precautions against a surprise, that they were actually taken by surprise. The cannon were seized and



VERSAILLES DURING THE PRUSSIAN OCCUPATION.

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dragged back to Montmartre. The National Guard of Paris, "in peace a charge, in war a weak defence," reasserted itself, as it always has done, on the side of disorder, and so Paris closed its gates on the Assembly as it had done on the Prussians six months before.

It is not our intention to narrate the incidents of this second siege of Paris. They are not likely to be soon forgotten. Of Paris more even than of Italy are these lines of Chiabrera applicable,—

"On thy sweet brow in sorrow ploughed and shame,
And annals traced in characters of flame."

Our intention at present is to trace the causes which led to the rise of the Commune. It arose from the necessity of the case, from the reaction, as we have seen, of the town or Republican against the rural or Legitimist party. But a Frenchman is nothing if not logical. His passion is to round off every theory, to push it to its extreme conclusions, and never to make one experiment in government without making a clean sweep of any other which has gone before. The idea of the Commune thus sprang up as a reaction from the attempt of France to coerce Paris. If the capital had continued to lead the country as before, the Commune, or municipality run mad, would never have been listened to by the wildest of the Parisian Reds. But when Paris, the Mecca of modern civilisation, was denied her natural leadership by an ungrateful country, what remained but for Paris to cast off France in the same way that France had cast off Paris? When Rome banished Coriolanus, Coriolanus in return banished Rome. The Commune was thus the self-assertion of the capital in its extremest form. It was a plunge back into the middle ages for a precedent as unlike the usual French type of centralisation as one extreme can be to the other. If France was no longer to follow the lead of Paris, Paris would set up for itself, and invite Lyons and Marseilles to do the same. Let France in the future become as mediæval Italy or Germany, an archipelago of free cities, little islands of municipal liberty thickset in a sea of serfs and slaves to superstition. This is the idea of the Commune—a wild and impossible idea in any case, and most of all in a country so centralised as France, but one not so unsocial and anarchic as its enemies represent it.

The Commune is not to be confounded with Communism, as many have hastily thought. The two are closely connected, and the founders of the one were generally friendly to the other. But just as the advocates of temperance or women's rights in this country are found on both sides in politics and with many shades of religious opinion, so it is only fair to the Commune not to hold it responsible for more than it professed to be. The *Commune* and the *International* are, we admit, closely connected. They are agreed in their common dislike of patriotism. To the Commune the country is too wide a conception, to the *International* too narrow. The one contracts itself within the narrow boundary of municipal life, the other soars into the wide expanse of the cosmopolitan, but both spurn and reject the love of France as such. M. John Lemoine, writing in a Belgian paper, remarks on the subject: "The idea of nationality vanishes ever more and more from the heart of France, to make room for more general ideas—ideas without a name or a rallying flag, and without colour save that of blood. There are no longer national

societies; there are none but international societies. Cosmopolitanism has killed patriotism. At any other time I should regard this transformation calmly. The instinct of patriotism does not exist at the heart of these anonymous and impersonal masses, to whom shifting interests have replaced the fixed territory. What matters the fate of Alsace and Lorraine, the fate of Paris, to these nomads, to these companions in travel round the world? What, they ask, is the agrarian law extended and applied to the capital? *This is why the defence of Paris against the French is twenty times more determined than it was against the Prussians.*"

The Commune is thus characteristically French; it is at once too broad and too narrow for actual life in the nineteenth century. It is a birth of time six centuries too soon and too late. Mr. Frederick Harrison, writing as an enthusiast for the Commune in the "Fortnightly," has described it very well. "The grand State systems," he says, "having done their part in Europe, are growing oppressive. It is the honour of the Paris workmen that they definitely repudiate this coarse ambition. They look forward in future to a nation greater than any—the people of the West of Europe. They repudiated the league of the bourgeoisie against the Germans. A Prussian sits on the Commune. Their dream of a universal republic means no absurd extension of national territory. It means the union of men in their true political aggregates, bound together as a nation in a federal bond, forming for many purposes but one people, without the barriers of jealous nationality or the oppression of centralised States. Such is the idea of the Commune; destructive it may be of jealous nationality, only to rise to a civic union more real and a national unity more great."

We have thus described the idea of the Commune and the circumstances out of which it grew. Let us now glance at the causes which led to its downfall. We have said that this idea of a federation of towns in a universal republic is one at once too much behind and in advance of our times. It is too soon and too late—the municipal element is too late, and the cosmopolitan too soon. It is a fatal objection to any theory that it will not work. If a ship built for waters of one degree of density is launched in waters of another degree, her line of flotation will be different; the conditions are changed, and the experiment must end in failure. So it must be with all these grand ideas of a brotherhood of men to which the *International* and the Commune alike appeal. They assume a condition of things which does not exist. In Socialism the idea of the State has killed that of the family; the *International* goes a step further, and cosmopolitanism is in the same way the death of patriotism. It is easy to cover this extravagance with ridicule, as Canning did in the lines on the "Needy Knife-grinder." It is better to point out the mistake in a serious vein, for a mistake it is, though one of a generous mind, and not deserving to be treated with ridicule. Universal brotherhood is a dream at present, as the reign of peace and righteousness is a dream. It is the dream, we admit, of men who judge only by sense; but it is a dream of prophets and apostles—the vision of the New Jerusalem descending out of heaven as a bride adorned for her bridegroom. There is a good time coming, we believe, when slavery and war, and vice and superstition, shall cease to vex mankind; but the deliverance from these evils will not be by any process of self-improvement on the

part of society, much less, as the French think, by some wild uprising of the oppressed against their oppressors. What did Ignatius do to abolish slavery—did he not rather rivet the yoke he sought to wrench off? It was the man who called himself "the prisoner of the Lord," and who from a dungeon in Rome sent back Onesimus into slavery, who in the long run broke the yoke off the captive's neck. Such is the power of a spiritual truth that it breaks down at last every barrier, and out of weakness is made strong. It is not, then, by any process of self-evolution that society will rid itself of its various evils and rise to its true ideal. The kingdom of heaven is within. Regeneration is a process from the individual to the mass, not in the reverse order—a mistake which sociologists and agitators of all kinds persist in repeating. We are not of those who think that the world, even under Christian influences, will right itself in the long run. Not till after the second coming of Christ are we to look for the universal reign of righteousness and peace. Then, and then only, will a Universal Republic be possible—then at last will the bond of brotherhood be complete, when there shall be One Lord, and his Name One throughout the whole world.

Varieties.

THE POPE AND THE CARDINALS.—During his Pontificate of a quarter of a century Pius IX has witnessed the deaths of nearly a hundred Cardinals, and has all but twice renewed the Sacred College. There are alive to-day only nine Cardinals who were presented with their hats by his predecessor, Gregory, and the youngest of these is seventy-five years of age. Several others are more or less infirm. Twenty-two hats—an unusually large number—are just now vacant; and the members of the Cardinalate now at Rome and belonging to the Curia are only twenty-eight in number, of whom three or four are reduced, more or less, to a state of inactivity by age or sickness.

TENURE OF LAND IN AMERICA.—Can an Englishman own land in America if he purchases it from private parties instead of from the Government? So asks an intelligent correspondent of us. Yes. Land is bought and sold in America, just exactly as horses, or cattle, or coats, or boots, or cords of wood are in this country. Whatever a man owns in America, he owns entirely, and can do what he likes with it. And an Englishman who buys American land, and pays for it, enjoys the same privileges. As every child of a family inherits an equal share of the estate, there is no danger of property accumulating in great masses there as in England. When a rich man dies, his land and personal property is held in charge by the State in which he lives, until all his children are of legal age, and then the State sells the property to the best possible advantage, and divides the proceeds equally among the heirs. It is the same with a poor man. If a responsible executor is appointed, the State interferes only to the extent necessary to see that none of the children are defrauded. The Queen of England could buy land there of anybody, and her rights would be respected.—*The Free West.*

THE LATE MR. KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.—Alexander Keith Johnston, the eminent geographer, died lately at Ben Rhydding at the age of sixty-six. Born at Kirkhill, near Edinburgh, he was originally educated for the medical profession, but became apprentice to an engraver, and acquired that artistic skill by which his works were characterised. At an early age he commenced the study of geography, with a view to the establishment of a school of that science in his own country; and, having mastered the works of the best English and foreign writers, he published his "National Atlas" in 1843. This publication procured for him the appointment of Geographer to the Queen in Scotland. Mr. Keith Johnston's name, however, is best known as having made, on a large scale, the application of physical science to geography. Founding his researches on the writings of Humboldt and Ritter, and aided by the counsel of the former, he produced, in 1848, the

"Physical Atlas of Natural Phenomena," of which more than one edition has subsequently appeared. At different times he was elected an honorary or corresponding member of the principal geographical societies of Europe, Asia, and America; and a Fellowship of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the University of which city conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D. in 1865. For the first physical globe he had awarded to him the medal of the Great Exhibition of 1851. Among the best known of Mr. Keith Johnston's other works are his "Dictionary of Geography" (1850), his "Atlas of the Historical Geography of Europe," his "Atlas of Astronomy," his "General and Geological Maps of Europe" (1856), his "Atlas of the United States of North America" (1857). To these we must add the series of well-known educational works which bear his name—atlases of physical, general, and classical geography; and, above all, "The Royal Atlas of General Geography," dedicated, by special permission, to her Majesty, the only atlas for which a prize medal was awarded at the second Great International Exhibition; and, lastly, a series of library maps of the great divisions of the world, each on four sheets of "imperial" dimensions, which adorn the walls of nearly every clubhouse and public institution.

MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON IRVING.—The ceremony of publicly unveiling a colossal bust of Washington Irving at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, took place on Saturday, July 1st, in presence of about 10,000 persons, including a large number of public officials and clergymen. The bust is a gift to the city from the Hon. Demas Barnes. It is supported on a pedestal of Aberdeen granite, and stands 15ft. 6in. high. The only inscription is the name of Irving on the pedestal. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was among the speakers on the occasion. After various addresses had been given, a wreath of ivy from the walls of Westminster Abbey was placed on the brow of the statue by Master Washington Irving Bishop, a godson of Washington Irving, and the ceremonies then concluded.

MARINE SOCIETY.—The anniversary meeting of the Marine Society was held this year on board the training ship "Warspite," lying off Charlton Pier, Woolwich. What is the Marine Society? How long has it been established? What does it do, and how does it do it? The Marine Society has lived long enough, and has done work enough, of the right kind and in the right manner, to be remembered amid the foremost charities of modern times. In 1756 the Duke of Bolton, being in command of the King's ship "Barfleur," took upon his own charge the clothing and equipment of a great number of wretched and destitute boys, gathered from the streets by one of the most active and famous magistrates of that era, Sir John Fielding, and humanely sent to sea. This Christian and patriotic act was the foundation of the Marine Society; for, on their way to join the "Barfleur," those befriended lads were accidentally seen by a philanthropic gentleman, Mr. Walker, of Lincoln's Inn, who forthwith promoted a subscription, by which three or four hundred boys were in a short time rescued from misery and temptation, and were put in the way of becoming good sailors and good men. So the work proceeded, waxing great in hope and flourishing year by year; but it was not till 1772 that the Marine Society was legally incorporated; so that its first centenary festival will fall next year.

A CLEVER RETORT.—Canning in the course of an elaborate defence of the borough system urged that it formed an essential element of the British Constitution, since it had

"Grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength."

Sir Francis Burdett took up the quotation in reply, and said, "The right honourable gentleman doubtless remembers the first line of the distich he had cited, and that it is

"The young disease, which must subdue at length,

Grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength."

Canning acknowledged that the retort was a happy and a just one.—*Lord Broughton's Recollections.*

THE TWO BISMARCKS.—The "Osterburger Kreisblatt" publishes the following curious and amusing anecdote:—"At the annual festival of the Osterburg Marksmen, a worthy citizen, Otto Bismarck by name, a master shoemaker, was elected King of the Marksmen (*Schutzenkonig*). The accidental coincidence between his name and that of the King of Diplomats no doubt occasioned the dispatch of the following telegram:—"Otto Bismarck of Osterburg, King of the Marksmen, sends his greeting, on the present festival-day, to his Excellency Prince Bismarck, as his countryman and namesake." Great was the delight of the good people in Osterburg when the following reply arrived:—"I return my hearty thanks to my distinguished namesake, Herr Otto Bismarck of Osterburg, for his friendly compatriot salutation."